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CARLSON'S RAIDERS

There's a name that's striking terror to the hearts of the Japanese in the islands of the South Pacific.

That name is "Carlson's Raiders."

Remember how our enemies of an earlier day quivered and quaked when they heard the names "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Swamp Fox"? That was nothing to what happens to the Japs now when they hear of Carlson's Raiders.

For Carlson's Raiders, a band of robust, daring fighters, embody all the best in America's great military tradition. Shouting battlecries of freedom as they dash into battle, they are equipped for overcoming any situation they meet; and before this war is over, they will meet them all.

They are a hand-picked battalion of U. S. Marines, all volunteers, and each and every one of them is a superman. Their training comes from our illustrious forefathers: the zealots of the Revolution who overcame superior numbers by fighting from cover; the Indian-fighters who made the young country safe; the Daniel Boones who fought with knives; the Buffalo Bills and Wild Bill Hickoks; the Rough Riders; and all the other American fighter heroes.

Each and every Raider, in fact, is all of these rolled into one. He is tougher than hell--a fast-shooting dead shot, firing from the hip; a crack woodsman; a demon with the knife, whether slashing or throwing; as silent as an Indian; and an expert with all modern weapons.

If all this isn't enough, he's the best-educated fighting man Uncle Sam has ever produced. He knows exactly what he's fighting for and why.

In fact, he sings about it every day and especially in combat.

Now you can understand why the Japs fear "Carlson's Raiders."

But even more spectacular than the Raiders is their nameseke and leader, Lt. Col. Evans Fordyce Carlson, an up-from-the-ranks Marine whose colorful and romantic military career began 31 years ago when he was but 16. Major Jimmy Roosevelt, the President's oldest son, is his second in command.

German Imperialism was on the march then, too, when Evans Carlson quit school and enlisted in the army. After being wounded in action in France, he was commissioned a second lieutenant and decorated. In 1922, he switched to the Marines, where he served for 17 years, all over the world, rising to the rank of major and incidentally earning seven decorations from our own and other countries.

But it was in the Orient that he achieved his most spectacular successes.

He first went there in 1927, serving for two years as regimental intelligence officer in Shanghai. In 1933, he went to Peiping, where he was detailed to the American Legation for three years.

When he visited China for the third time, in 1936, he began his most amazing adventure. Among his duties on this assignment was "official student of the Chinese language." Studying the language and the people, Carlson conceived an attachment for them he still holds dear.

In 1937, Japan invaded China again, but this time China fought back. In the thick of it from the beginning, Carlson became our official observer.

Before the war was a month old, he heard of the remarkable achievements of the Chinese Eighth Route Army, the so-called "Red" Army, and he determined to study this army first-hand. After a difficult and dramatic trip, largely under Japanese fire, he reached Shansi province where the Chinese Communists had set up their state. This was the base of their famed army. For months Carlson lived with and studied these people and their leaders. He made arduous forced marches with them, some of more than 50 miles a day, repeatedly crossing Japanese lines.

He was deeply impressed with the organization and methods of this army, and after months of first-hand study, at the constant risk of his life, months spent crossing deserts and climbing mountains on foot, after thousands of miles of travel through all of China, he made a lengthy report to the Navy.

In this report he recounted the story of the Chinese armies, explaining how they educated, organized and improved the lot of the common people, and how the people, understanding the war and trusting their leaders, organized "partisan" groups and resisted, fought and sabotaged the invader. His report was full of the exploits of the guerillas.

But, unfortunately, there were people in Washington who hated the word "Red" so much they wouldn't even profit from the experiences of the Eighth Route and other Chinese Armies. At about this time, the French government was refusing to allow its soldiers to be trained as paratroopers because that was a "Red" device.

So when Carlson returned, he was red-baited. Chagrined, he resigned from active duty and devoted himself to writing and lecturing on the Chinese and their struggle. He wrote an excellent book, "Twin Stars of China," describing his travels and observations.

In April 1941, feeling war was near for the United States, he applied for recommissioning and went on active duty as a major the next month.

Now his experiences in China were invaluable, and he was placed in command of the band which proudly bears his name. It was Carlson's Raiders who executed the brilliant raid on Japanese-held Makin Island several months ago. The Japs were so flabbergasted they bombed and shelled themselves while Carlson's men proceeded to wreck their installations.

Asked for a comment after this raid, he properly gave full credit to the Chinese guerillas from whom he had learned many of his tricks. He publicly acknowledged America's debt to these valiant fighters.

Carlson's men, like the other special raider battalions now in the Marines, are commando-like troops. But never make the mistake of calling one a commando. They hate it. Commandos hit and run, but these fellows have a tougher assignment. They pull raids, of which the Makin raid is typical, but their bigger job is to spearhead landing operations for keeps. They are the boys who establish the beach-heads for major offensives on enemy-held lands. You'll be hearing more about them and their fellow raiders as America unleashes its offensive.

The Makin raid was the first official mention of the Raiders, whose equipment and methods have been closely-guarded secrets. Now that the Japs know about them!

The Raiders are the most scientific cutthroats in the world, and their lives and yours may depend upon this. Their training enables them to decapitate or slit the throat of a sentry who will never know what hit him and never has a chance to give the alarm. They can silence an enemy with a knife, which they throw with amazing dexterity. Like the Chinese guerillas, they are most adept at the hand-to-hand conflictsthe Japs hate.

Under the tutelage of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, they have become expert at gouging, strangling, bayoneting and otherwise expeditiously dispatching our enemies to their rewards.

They are also specialists in rubber boat operations. Each battalion has its own snipers, armorers, chemical-warfare, munitions and demolition experts.

The Raiders are all volunteers who undergo the most rigorous training. After the training course, they can march 40 miles a day with a full pack--and it's heavy. They are completely self-supporting. They can make a landing, in a night operation, and travel 20 miles or more and be ready to attack an unsuspecting enemy at dawn. They can guide themselves by the stars, so they don't get lost.

They bring to 'merica's forces a compactness, self-sufficiency, swiftness and striking power never before attained in amphibious warfare.

Their weapons include knives, "decapitators" (looped piano wire with handles), automatic rifles and submachine guns. They shoot all their weapons from the hip, or from any impromptu position they might find themselves in during an attack. For in-fighting, they are ju-jitsu and judo experts.

In keeping with the Marine tradition, these lusty fighters sing as they fight. During the last war, the Marines went into battle singing, "We'll Hang the Kaiser on a Sour Apple Tree." The Raiders have their own song, "Carlson's Raiders," sung to the tune of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Another song, "The Doctrine of the Raiders," is inspired by the Chinese industrial ecoperatives with which Colonel Carlson is so familiar. From this come two battlecries: "Gung Ho!", a Chinese slogan meaning "work together," and "Raiders for Democracy."

These slashing, daring fighters are our best. You'll be hearing more of them and their great leader.